

A Fawcett Publication

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AUGUST

10¢

NO. 66



THE SPACE-MONARCH ATTACKS XOG EVIL LORD OF SATURN!

MAJOR MIDNIGHT

**WITHOUT
A BODY!**

THERE IT IS---
THE **PLANET SATURN!**
NOW TO FIND
OUT, ONCE AND
FOR ALL, WHAT
HAPPENED TO
XOG AFTER OUR
ENCOUNTER
ON EARTH.

ONCE AGAIN
THE SOVEREIGN
OF SPACE IS IN PURSUIT
OF XOG, THE TERRIBLE
TYRANT RULER OF THE
PLANET SATURN. THE STRANGE
BEINGS FROM SATURN ARE
COMPOSED FROM THE GAS
PARTICLES AROUND THE RING
OF THE HEAVENLY BODY.
AT XOG'S COMMAND, THEY
ARE CAPABLE OF ASSUMING
THE SHAPE OF ANY
OBJECT IN THE
UNIVERSE!

ANOTHER
XOG
SPACE ADVENTURE!

WARILY THE GREAT
INVENTOR-AVIATOR
STEPS FORTH ON THE
SURFACE OF THE PLANET.

JUST IN CASE WE
SHOULD MEET AGAIN--
THIS STABILIZER RAY-
GUN WILL BE A HANDY
GADGET TO HAVE ALONG!
XOG'S A MIGHTY
CUNNING CUSTOMER!

CUNNING! YOU'RE
RIGHT,
MAJOR MIDNIGHT.

HERE
HE
COMES,
MASTER!

QUIET!
MIDNIGHT
MUST
RECEIVE NO
WARNING!

KARA, I TRANSFORM YOU
INTO A ROPE! STRETCH
YOURSELF ACROSS THE PATH
OF MAJOR MIDNIGHT!

AVE, MASTER!

WHAT TH---
I'M FALLING!

AS MAJOR MIDNIGHT
REACHES FOR HIS GUN...

I'VE BEEN
AMBUSHED.
DROPPED MY
STABILIZER
GUN! GOT
TO REACH
IT---

WAIT, MAJOR
MIDNIGHT!
LET ME PULL
THE TRIGGER---

---OF MY
WEAPON,
THE
DISEMBODYING
RAY!

MY BODY!
I... I... FEEL
SO STRANGE!

STRANGE? NO
WONDER,
EARTHMAN!
YOUR
MOLECULAR
STRUCTURE
HAS BEEN
CHANGED.
YOU ARE NOW
A GAS---LIKE
ALL OF US!

SLOWLY,
MIDNIGHT
REALIZES
THE HORRIBLE
TRUTH!!!

A GAS? YOU ---
YOU'RE RIGHT, XOG!
I---I'M NO LONGER
A MAN...

AND NO
LONGER, MAJOR
MIDNIGHT, WILL
YOU INTERFERE
WITH OUR PLANS
TO RULE THE
UNIVERSE!
SEIZE HIM,
SATURNIANS!
AND TAKE
ALONG HIS
WEAPON, TOO!

MOMENTS LATER, XOG'S
SHIP'S STREAK
THROUGH SPACE...

SOON WHY HAVE
YOU BROUGHT
ME TO THIS TINY
PLANET, XOG?

TO GET YOU OUT
OF THE WAY, MAJOR MIDNIGHT--
FOREVER! THIS GLOBE
IS SO SMALL THAT NO
SHIP EVER LANDS ON
IT---SO SMALL IT IS
NAMELESS! BUT YOU
WILL LIVE ON IT!

FAREWELL, EARTHMAN!
NOW WE SATURNIANS
WILL HAVE A FREE
HAND IN OUR
CONQUEST OF SPACE
---AT LAST!

AND I'M
CONDEMNED
TO REMAIN---
HERE---ALONE
--- LIKE
ROBINSON
CRUSOE!

MAROOINED... MILLIONS OF MILES
FROM EARTH! ... WHAT WILL
BECOME OF MAJOR MIDNIGHT?

THERE THEY GO!
HOW CAN I EVER
CALL FOR HELP?
HOW CAN I ESCAPE
-- WHEN I CAN'T
EVEN BE SEEN?



BUT WITH OR WITHOUT
A BODY, MAJOR MIDNIGHT
IS NOT ONE TO REMAIN
LONG DISCOURAGED!

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE
A LOOK AT MY HOME. IT
SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG!



HMMM... THESE ROCKS LOOK AS IF
THEY CONTAIN SULPHUR. PERHAPS
IF I THROW THEM AGAINST THE
GROUND, THE RESULTING FRICTION
MIGHT START A FIRE AND
SIGNAL HELP.



SOON, IN A SPEEDING PATROL
SHIP FROM EARTH'S NEWLY
ORGANIZED **SPACE FLEET**...

SAY, JIM, ISN'T
THAT A FIRE
ON THAT TINY
PLANETOID?

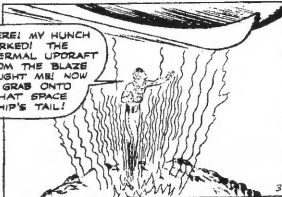
SURE LOOKS LIKE
IT, ED. LET'S
GO DOWN AND
INVESTIGATE!



THEY'RE COMING
DOWN ALL RIGHT!
BUT THEY'LL NEVER
SEE ME! I'LL NEVER
ESCAPE... UNLESS I
TAKE A LONG CHANCE!



THERE! MY HUNCH
WORKED! THE
THERMAL UPRAFT
FROM THE BLAZE
CAUGHT ME! NOW
TO GRAB ONTO
THAT SPACE
SHIP'S TAIL!



LEAPING OVER THE FLAMES! DOESN'T
MIDNIGHT REALIZE THAT HIS
GASEOUS FORM MIGHT IGNITE AND
SEND HIM INTO OBSCURITY FOREVER?

LIGHT AS A FEATHER, MAJOR MIDNIGHT'S
GASEOUS FORM DRIFTS UPWARD!

MOMENTS LATER...

AT LAST
I'M GETTING
SOMEWHERE!
BUT WHERE?

I GUESS
THAT FIRE'S
NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT!

LISTEN, ED!
THERE'S A
SIGNAL ON
THE SPACE
RADIO!

BUZZ
BUZZ

IT'S FORTUNATE THAT
IN THIS GASEOUS
STATE I DON'T NEED
TO BREATHE, OR I'D NEVER
BE ABLE TO EXIST HERE
IN SPACE!

ATTENTION ...
BUZZ... ALL
EARTH PILOTS
ENEMY SPACE
FLEET HAS
BEEN SIGHTED
APPROACHING
EARTH! BUZZ...
BELIEVED TO BE
LED BY XOG
OF SATURN!

WOW! THAT MEANS
WE'RE NEEDED
DOWN THERE---
BUT FAST!

LET'S GO,
FELLA! POUR
ON THE JETS!

THEY'VE CHANGED COURSE, HEADING
FOR EARTH AT TOP SPEED. COULD
THAT BE BECAUSE XOG'S FLEET HAS
ALREADY REACHED IT?

MIDNIGHT'S GUESS IS RIGHT!
ON THE EMBATTLED EARTH...

GENERAL! THEY'RE
CUTTING OUR
FORMATION TO
SHREDS... AND WE
CAN'T HURT THEIR
SHIPS!

IF ONLY WE
HAD MAJOR
MIDNIGHT HERE!
BUT HE'S MISSING
--- ON AN
EXPEDITION TO
SATURN!

ON THE SATURNIAN FLAGSHIP...

KING XOG!
THE
EARTHLINGS
FLEE IN
PANIC!

GOOD! I KNEW
ONCE I HAD MAJOR
MIDNIGHT OUT
OF THE WAY,
NO MAN COULD
STOP ME! ORDER
THE FLEET TO
ASSEMBLE ---
OVER
WASHINGTON, D.C.

BUT THE PATROL SHIP TO WHICH MAJOR MIDNIGHT HAS BEEN HOLDING NOW ARRIVES OVER EARTH!

BUT, AS THE AMERICAN JET-SHIP ROARS AWAY, MAJOR MIDNIGHT PEELS OFF TOWARD XOG'S FLEET!

LOOK, JIM! IT'S THE SATURNIAN FLEET ASSEMBLED OVER WASHINGTON!

WE CAN'T ATTACK 'EM SINGLE HANDED, ED! BETTER VEER OFF AND JOIN OUR AIR FORCES!

XOG IS THREATENING OUR NATION'S CAPITAL! BODY OR NO BODY... I'VE GOT TO TRY TO STOP HIM! I'LL FLOAT OVER TO HIS FLAGSHIP!

KARA, RADIO THE AUTHORITIES IN WASHINGTON! TELL THEM WE WILL DESTROY THE CITY UNLESS THEY SURRENDER THE NATION TO US AT ONCE!

GREAT SCOTT! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST...

AYE, MASTER

IN ONE WAY, IT'S LUCKY THAT XOG TURNED ME TO GAS... BECAUSE I CAN TRANSFORM MY SHAPE TO THAT OF THE SATURNIANS! NOW TO FOLLOW THAT FLUNKY TO THE RADIO ROOM!

UNNOTICED, MIDNIGHT HAS ENTERED XOG'S SHIP!

MOMENTS LATER, STRANGE ORDERS ISSUE FROM XOG'S FLAGSHIP...

SATURNIANS, HOLD FIRE!

ALL SHIPS OF SATURN, RISE TO TWO-MILE ALTITUDE!

SATURNIANS, DRAW TOGETHER IN TIGHT FORMATION!

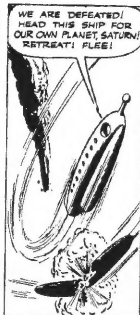
SOON

NOW, SATURNIANS, FIRE AWAY...
IN EVERY DIRECTION!



MASTER!
OUR SHIPS
ARE ALL
FIGHTING
EACH
OTHER!

THE FOOLS!
THEY'LL ALL
BE EXECUTED!
WHAT CAN BE
CAUSING THIS?



WE ARE DEFEATED!
HEAD THIS SHIP FOR
OUR OWN PLANET, SATURN!
RETREAT! FLEE!



BUT WHO COULD HAVE
RADIOED THOSE ORDERS,
SETTING MY MEN TO FIGHTING
EACH OTHER? SOMETHING
MUST HAVE GONE WRONG
IN THE RADIO ROOM HERE!



A GOOD GUESS, XOG!
YOUR OWN RADIO
SERVED ME WELL AND
SENT YOUR FLEET
TO DESTRUCTION!

MAJOR
MIDNIGHT!
BUT HOW
DID YOU—



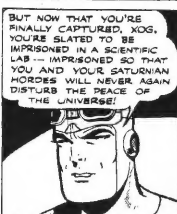
...ESCAPE FROM THE PLANETOID? THAT
DOESN'T MATTER! WHAT DOES MATTER
IS THAT I'M HOLDING MY STABILIZER RAY-
GUN WHICH YOU TOOK FROM ME
ON SATURN! IF YOU DON'T RESTORE
ME TO MY ORIGINAL SHAPE, I'LL
FINISH YOU OFF FOREVER!

I-I-I'LL
DO IT,
MIDNIGHT!



THERE!
YOU ARE
FLESH
AND BLOOD
AGAIN.
EARTHLING!

AND BOY,
DOES IT
FEEL
GOOD!



BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE
FINALLY CAPTURED, XOG,
YOU'RE SLATED TO BE
IMPRISONED IN A SCIENTIFIC
LAB — IMPRISONED SO THAT
YOU AND YOUR SATURNIAN
HORDES WILL NEVER AGAIN
DISTURB THE PEACE OF
THE UNIVERSE!

FOR AN
IMPORTANT
ANNOUNCEMENT
CONCERNING
THE FUTURE
OF MEN OF
MYSTERY
MAGAZINE,
READ THIS
ISSUE'S
EDITORIAL!

WILD BILL

THE END